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How blest is he who knows no meaner strife. Than art's long battle with the foes of life! No doubt assails him, doing still his best, And trusting kindly nature for the rest; No mocking conscience tears the thin disguise. That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies. He comes; the languid sufferer lifts his head. And smiles a welcome from his veray bed; He speaks; what music like the tones that tell "Past is the hour of danger—all is well!" How can be fed the petty stings of grief! Whore cheering presence always brings relief? What ngly dreams can troub e his repose. Who yields himself to soothe smother's woes? Hour after hour the busy day has found. The good physician on his lonely round; Mansion and hovel, low and lefty door. Ministon and hovel, low and lefty door. He knows, his learneys every just expore—Where the cold blast has struck with deadly chill. The sturdy dwel er on the storm-weep hill, where by the steparat marks the stokening gale. Has branched the poisoned senants of the vale. Where crushed and marined the blooding victim if where madness raves, where melancholy sights, Ard where the solemn whisper lefts too plain. That all his science, all his art were vain.

How sweet his fireside when the day is done, And caree have vanished with the setting sun! Evening at last its hour of respite brings.

And on his couch his weary length he fings. Soft be thy pillow, servent of mankind, Luited by an opiste art could never find; Sacet be thy should be "Low last carned it well-Pressont thy dreams! Cane! goes the midnightie Darkness and closers if the brack for away; that waits his corring one the brack of day; The snow coal plans that which y pumage loss—Doubtful the freeen strong his read must one at Deep he the drifts, the sinuted heeps have shut the hardy weedman in his meant in butway shund thy a first frame in the paper have? Hast thou no life, he had the loss or save? Look! read the mass or in the paper his eyes—

Or seek the crowded city—summer's best Giares burning, billiding, in the harrow street, Still, acissmic, drash, a cape the covonomed sir, Unsirred the yellow the that a ye "Boware i" Tempt not the fate one little moment's beath thears on its viowings the seeds of drash; thou at whose door the glided charlets stand, Whose dear-bought skill uncharps the mitter's han Turn from the fatel quest, nic cast many That life as precome; fir a near may read the dest sayer's hunger; live to be as Those happer homes that need thy care no less.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care par-ticularly. He purchased for each only, and never grumbled at the price of any-thing he wanted. Who could ask more

Cur ous people occasionally wondered now, when it had been fully two years ince the Colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerably at cards and horseraces. In fact, the keeper of that one of the Challenge Hill saloons which the Colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money-mill somewhere where he turned out eagles and 'slugs" (the coast name for \$50 gold

When so important a personage as a bar keeper indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like dl good Californians everywhere, cengive it grave consideration; so, for a ewdays, certain industrious profes entlemen, who won money of the colonel, care ully weighed some of the larightest pie es, and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and reared them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication

I the Colonel and a loss of considerable a dom to the indiscreet bar-keeper. The Colonel was as good-natured a names had ever been known on Chal-enge Hill, but, being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of espondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie

Looking repreachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, awearing eloquently and glaring defi-antly at all mankind were equally unduetive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They ere unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the Colonel avagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gailop furiously away.
Riding on horseback has always been

onsidered an excellent sort of exercise, and riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of ex-

hilaration in the world; but when a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhibitation is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Come Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and inquired if the Colonel

Had the gallaut Colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel essed hatrod.

On galloped the Colonel, following the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Dutch creek, but sud-denly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes which grow thickly by the road, while the constable galloped on to men fork over the half amount, but ex the next camp.

There seemed to be no, path through

the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsic walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of his stable-yard, Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Yes," replied-the Colonel, ruefully, Black afterward remarked that if ther'd "lost every blasted race! Twssn't her been anybody to mind the horses he fault—bless her—she done her level best, could have cleaned out the hull crowd

Ev'ry body to home?" "You bet," said the man, "All The passengers, now relieved of their been a prayin' for yer to turn up with weapons, were unbound, allowed to enthe rocks an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on," ter the stage and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his The man led the way, and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio sud-

"Mack'll tell ye how 'twos, fellers," obtained while transacting their bus said the Colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

Great was the surprise of the recognition of the stage. Great was the surprise of the road The Colonel was absent but a few moments, but when he returned each of

the four were strired in pistols and knife, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack. "Tain't so late as all that, is it?" in-

quired the Colonel. " Better be an hourahead than a miss in this ere night," said one of the four.
"I ain't been so thirsty since I came round the Hora in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody 'li get burt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

Don't count on your chickens 'fore they've hatched, Perky," said one of the crowdashe adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat, "S'posin' there should be too many for us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks1" remon-strated the Cetonel. "Nobody ever gets along of they 'low themselves to be skeered." "Fact," chimel in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot bout that, I disremember dzactly how it goes, but I've hern Parson Buzzy, down to Maine, preach a ripplin' old sermon many a me. The old man never thought what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. That time we stopped Slim Mike's stage, and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them seemons waz a perfect blessing to me—the thorns of 'em cleaned my head as quick as a cocktail.

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the Colonel, "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' to-day instead of Slim Mike, and ez it's Old Black alters made his time, hadn't we better vamoose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve,
"Fur enough from home now," said

"'Taint no use bein' a gentleman if yer have to work too hard." "Safe enough, I reckon," replied the Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller, 'tend to the driver; Cranks, take the boot, and Mack and Perk take right and left. An' I know it's tough-but considerin' how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon ladies, too, of ther's any aboard-ch,

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle er two. What's the use of women's rights, of they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em? Hevin' ther purses borrowed 'ud show 'em the full doctrine

in a bran-new light,"
"Come, come, boys," interposed the
Colonel, "thar's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick yer bush-quick! All jump when I whistle,' Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging

along handromely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was ju t giving a delicate touch to the flank of the olf leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road, The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence,

Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the pass-engers all put out their beads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdraw them as the year the dominos and revolvers of the road agents. "Seems to be something the

gentlemen," said the Colonel blandiy, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handk-rchief, hev you?" he asked of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put yer hands behind yer—so—that's it." And the unfortunate man's hands were securely tied behind in an instant,

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage-driver baving money "Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside and comparing receipts, "' tain't much of a haul, but

there's only one woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grand-"Like enough she'll pan out more seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, deceitfulness of some folks to hire a been staked against them, for within ald woman to carry their money, so it'd half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who hosses that kin win money at races, but..."

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' sarcastic reference to Tipsic needed avenging, and, as he could not consist-ently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer. "I beg your parden, ma'am," said the

Colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand, while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we are taking up a collection for some deserving ob men fork over the hall amount, but ez they ain't got enough we will have to The old lady trembled, felt for her

pocket-book and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and, sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into "Nothin?" queried Perkins, in a

"Business—that's what."
"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's uose with the free-lom of an odd as union." No—yes," said the Colonel, dreaming the bushes and stroked Tipsie's uose with the free-lom of an odd as union. whisper, and with a face full of genuine

ance, "We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old alyzed with astonishment that Old

with his whip. reins as if he laid them down at the sta tion while the horses were being changed, dealy found themselves before alog hut, in front of which sat three solemm, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly to the Colonel.

then he cracked his whip and the stage rolled off, while the Colonel's party hurried back to the hut, fondly inspecting, as they went, certain flasks they had as they went, certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their busi-

> agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt, and in a suit of clothing made un from the limited spare wardrobes of the

other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence as, laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. Et anybody should hear about it an' find our trail, an' ketch the traps in our possession, they might—"
"Divide yourselves!" said the

Colonel, with a white abruptness and a great cath; "I want none of it."
"Colonel," said Ferkins, removing his own domino and looking auxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick?" Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pocket."

"It hain't nothin'," replied the Colonel, with averted eyes, "I'm goin,"

and I'm retirin' from business forever."
"Ain't agoin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol lying upon the "I'm agoin' to make a lead mine of you of you don't take that back !" reared the Co'onel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire pre-

cipitately, apologising as he went. "I'm

agoin' to attend to my own business,

and that's enough to keep anybody busy. Somebody lend me \$50 till I see him agnn. Perkins pressed the money in the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloped off in the direction the stage

had taken. He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on, The people at Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at an thing he did; but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal barrooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs— only \$1,000, when the Colonel had al-ways said there was not gold enough on

top of ground to bay her-Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation. But when the Colonel, after remain ing in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely trimmed and perted, bet ting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by bet ting against every theory that had been Then the Colonel made a tour of the

stores, and fitted himself up with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots and pruned his tinge nails and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink. As the Colonel stood at the door of the

principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who had bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say: "Colonel, I take it all back. When I

seed you come out of Challenge Hill, it come to me that you might be in the road-agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the slages in the country was robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."
"It's all right," said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curi

ously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.
Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a

state of utter indignation and impecuni-The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old

lady started, and cried : George ! And the Colonel jumped in the stage, and, putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed;

Mother !"-Bret Harte,

An Editor's Trunk. There appears to be an epidemic of finding valuables in old trunks. Not long ago a dismond was found by a laborer, and an old trunk sent to be repaired in New Haven, Ct., was found to contain in a small drawer a gold watch, \$30 in gold, two gold bracelets and a diamond and a pearl set. This reminds that a trunk brought over in the Mayflower was being cut up for firewood by a Norristown man the other day, when out rolled \$500,000 in gold, two silk hats, a dumond iniaid clock, four pairs of new boots, a camer's bair shawl, set of solid silverware, a costly mirror. a suit of parlor furniture and a file of newspapers. The man who was demolishing the trunk said it formerly belonged to an editor,-Norristown Her-

Can any body tell us why a woman, emerging from a crowded car, always makes believe she is going to get out at one side of the platform, until two or three men have jumped off in the mul, and then steps off at the other side? She always does it; and we want to know the reason why.

"Do you play the piano?" "No! I don't play the piano; but my sister Hannah, who is in Savannah, she plays the piano in the most charming man-

"Yes, some." "It will cost some."
"Yes, quite a sum." "Do you possess the necessary sum?" "I have some."

REV. DR. TALMAGE said that modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but the daughters of Hem and Sham! owe-bill-man.

PITH AND POINT.

THE whisky worm is still at work.

A TALL story—The attic. THERE will always be hairs where there are hounds.

THERE is a decided change for the better-when he loses. PARADOXICAL as it may seem, Ben Jonson was called "rare Ben Jonson," because his work was done well.

CLASS in history-Professor-" What important personage was confined on the island of St. Helena?" Mr. H.— Robinson Crusoe," BEACONSPIELD ascribed his success to women. Adam laid all his trouble to

of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentle-

the same source. Adam, we are ashamed

"To sooner be cursed than kissed," says Tennyson in his latest volume, which leads us to think that there are s great many homely women in his neighborhood,

A Trox lawyer asked a worran on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "Old enough to have sold ilk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."

When you hear a young lady very carefully say, "I haven' saw," you may be quite confident that she is a recent graduate of one of the most thorough of our numerous female semi aries, LITTLE Johnny went a fishing without consulting his parents. Next morning a neighbor's boy met him and asked "Did you catch anything yesterday?" "Not till I got home," was the rather-

"Why do not more of our young men get married?" asks a recent writer. Whist! till we tell him. There isn't more than about one young man in ten who is worth marrying, and the girls are finding it out.—New Haven Registrates of mankind.

The school girls of a Massachusetts school met and organized a society for mutual improvement. The Committee ion the best gait a horse ever had for on Rules reported one which forbade the use of slang words. Up spoke a little girl: "Oh, that's a bully rule—I'll vote are not trained to walk. Young American

cluding, I suppose, the bright side of a to walking fast, will make a longer dismirror.

"You're sister 'Melia's feller, ain't you?" asked the little trotter, not yet out of dresses. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, with a redness of the face that nearly matched his hair. "I fink," said the little one, "that mamma talks awfully bout the 'margarine on your hair gettin' the new wall paper dirty"

There's where the skill paper dirty" There's where the child made a mistake.

He drew no candy that trip. A RESURTIFUL meid in Carlis'e On the back of her reck had a bisle. When her lover forgot, And hugged the sore spot, Her screams could be heard for a misic.

CAPT. CORN. CAPT. CORN.
Capt. Corn was in the garden,
Straight and strong and tait.
No matter how high has an ighbors grow.
He overtaps them all.
With silien p ume and bright green chall.
He really cuts a dish:
But when he marries hams Beau.
He'll lose his mak—I think it's mean—
And be plain Succo Tash.

A Johnstown lawyer attempted to raise four motherless kittens on a bottle. but failed. The kittens died and the lawyer is inconsolable, -Exchange. The sequel should have been reversed, or consolable beside. It's all well enough for a lawyer to raise legal objections on a slim basis, but when it comes to apply-ing the same principle to anything that has life why he deserves all the bootjacks the kittens would have gotten if they had survived the raise, -Yonkers

"WHEN is a man not a man?" asked Jones. Of course he expected everybody to give it up, and then he was go-ing to say, "When he is a shaving." But they didn't give it up; not a bit of it. One said it was when he was fool enough to deal in conundrums; another answered it was when he worked over jokes a thousand years old, and a third told Jones to look in the glass and see for himself. Jones says he didn't see what in time they were driving at, but somehow he had lost all interest in his sonundrum, and hadn't the heart to tell them the true meaning,

Single vs. Married Soldiers. It has long been a mosted point whether single or married men make the best soldiers.

Some maintain that the lack of wife

and family tends to make a man more reckless of his life-therefore a good soldier. most a veteran waen be enters the ranks, being inured to combat-therefore a

good soldier. In the recent Tunisian campaign a Colonel was questioned upon this point, "Both are right," said he. "Look yonder—do you see that battalion of happy, devil-may-care fellows? They are all single men, and they would take their lives in their hands. But look again—do you see those taciturn, somber, gloomy-looking men there? They are all married, and in a hand-to-hand fight

they are terrors,"
"What is the name of the battalion?" asked the inquirer.
"They are called," said the Colonel, gravely, "the 'Children of Despair."

UMBRELLA flirtation-To place your umbreila in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umcourtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To loan an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To carry an open umbrella just high ngh to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a

THERE is a marked difference between an American nobleman and an American

Thistlepod's Dog with Rattles on His

Tail. "Say," said old Mr. Thistlepod, chewing his morsel of navy plug with the rapid intonation of a man who was in earnest. "Say, you know that spotted coach dog of mine that bit his leg with a rattlesnake nigh onto three weeks ago? Well, ever since he's been tryin' to coil bimest up all the times and head ago. himself up all the time, and has eleven rattles growed out on the end of his tail. Has for a gospel fact. Nights, when he was around the house, it sounds like a drum corps goin' by. I declare to goodness I wished I'd brung him in to let you see him. Nero, the dog's name is," he went on. "Nero; 6 years old this spring. Roised him myself; you've seen him hundreds of times under my

Notice at the deer of a ready-made clothing establishment in one of the poorer quariers of Paris: "Do not go somewhere else to be robbed; walk in the company of the compan delphy and got a coapie o' dozen silk worms and fed 'em to the dog, an'—ye hain't seen that terrier since last Satur-day, have ye? Well, sir, I hope I may die some time if that dog's hair hain's come out the softest, finest silk fringe ye ever saw in your life! Silk fringe, with a braid two inches deep along his back, an' a bail of chenille bangin' from the end of each ear. Ean's goin' to buy up a couple o' hundred cheap long-

haired dogs, feed em silk worms and shear 'em every spring."
The editor thought there would be

money in it.
"Better'n a gold mine," the old man said; "an' do you know, while he was feedin' of him, Ben forgot to take off the dog's collar, big leather collar."
"And what happened to the collar?"

the editor asked, a little wearily.
"Velvet," said the old man enthusiastically, "It gra a celluloid backle," "It grew Lyons velvet, with

The editor promised to make a note of the fact under the head of "Latest In-

"There, Henrietta, don't be forever to walk fast would be a greater benefit to gazing into the mirror. It looks very bad." "I was thinking, mamma, that it looked very good; and, beside, father says I should look on the bright side, in-He was 70 and she was 18, and they urged to trot at every convenient place; were on their wedding tour. He pointed out to her the beautiful scenery, and said: "We may have many anniversaries of this occasion." "Yes," she answered, "you will probably live long enough to have a tin wedding."

"If were on their wedding tour. He pointed because, when a horse commences to walk after a trot, he will go much slower than his common gait if kept on a walk, and the consequence is that he will lose more than he gained. Where horseback traveling is indulged in, especially over muddy roads, any other guit than walking is rendered impossible, and yet a horse that has been trained to walking fast even over bad roads, will make from four to five miles an hour, but be by the aid of the whip, and very much to the prejudice of the poor ani-mal. These one-horse ougges have put horseback riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare than e that can trot a mile in less than three minutes. It is, however, to the interest of the farmer that he should truin his horses to walk fast, - Minneap-

olis Tribune.

Home Influences. It was Napoleon who said that the character and fale of the child was the work of the mother. Largely this is true, though not in a sense to exclude the influence of the father, especially in the case of boys. The child is often left to the mother's care. A double duty is rather the lawyer should have done the dying for the four kittens, and been inwith her rests the whole work of preparing her child for the grave encount life. In how many homes does a mother's intercourse with her children alternate between caressing indulgance and pettish fault finding? In how many are the bodies pampered and dressed, children reduced to more ornaments to gratify paternal vanity, while the affections are thwarted, and all the highest possibilities of the mind either uncultured or repulsed. Girlhood and boyhood pass, the old home is left, and the new begun away from old scenes and associations; restmined no longer, but altogether free, still you trace childhood influences. When your boy steps into the street he opens all the doors of his home; be carries out a photograph of his parents to be seen of their neighbors. When the little girl goes into the next house she carries the domestic newspaper abroad. Descrieder, is your domestic newspaper resdable?

Buddhist Peniten's. The central idea of Buddhism seems to be that of buying merit, or gaining the favor of the gods by meritorious deeds and suffering for their sake, and those who torture their bodies or suffer special privations hope by so doing to Others say that the married man is aldevices to accomplish this are various. One would have fulfilled a three years' yow of hermitage in a lonely but at some distance from the temple. Another sits cross-legged in a tiny cell, coming out only for his meals. They say he has not spoken for three years and probably never will again, the vow of perpetual silence being especially pleasing to Buddha. Still another, even more will-ing to suffer than his fellows, has offered one of his tingers as a sacrifice, and moposes to offer more, we are told. The nger is wound with flax which has been solid in keresine oil, and on the end is placed a lighted taper, which burns slowly down, consuming the finger, and the stump is finally out off with a

> tenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and solten his pillow. It were a great thing tor a man that his wife and children cond truly say of him, "He never brought an angry or ill-tempered word across his threshold." The best likeness of heaven ever sean on earth is a well-sondanted happy home. Let all our readers as rive to make theirs such.

pair of shears, -- China letter.

THE Earl of Carnarvon says that education in all its branches is now thrown open to Englishwomen. The Archichsome time ago to throw ridicale on west is called the higher education of the